Thou knowest, Father of my soul, Though sinking feet sink 'neath the wave, This thought shall doubt and fear control, I can not perish, Thou canst save.

Thou knowest e'en the way I take "Where two ways meet," the right and wrong: And angels of my joy partake When "Lord, Thou knowest," is my song.

When doubt, impatient, would descry Light in the darkness spread for me, Faith hears the whisper "it is I." And drinks the cup mixed lovingly.

Thou knowest dearest friends grow cold. And dearest hopes and joys prove vain; What else can fainting hearts uphold. And comfort bring, for ioss and pain?

Oh, what but Thine all-seeing Eye Can guide us through life's sea of ills? What but the love that can not die, A deathless spirit's hopes fuitil?

"Thou knowest," shall be my staff and rod, When none can reach a helping hand. That shall support me through the flood, luto the longed-for, goodly land.

—Annie S. Marsh, in Watchman.

## International Sunday-School Lessons

FOURTH QUARTER.

Oct. 25—The Temple Repaired 2 Kings 12: 1-15
Nov. 1—Death of Elisha... 2 Kings 13: 14-25
Nov. 8—The Story of Jonah... Jonah 1: 1-17
Nov.15—Effect of Jonah Jonah 3: 1-10
Nov.25—Hezekiah's Good
Reign... 2 Kings 18: 1-12
Nov.25—Hezekiah's Prayer Answered... 2 Kings 20: 1-17
Dec. 6—The Sinful Nation... Isaiah 1: 1-18
Dec. 25—The SufferingSaviour Isaish 53: 1-12
Dec. 25—The Gracious Invitation... Isaiah 55: 1-11
Dec. 25—Review. Service of Song. Missionary,
Temperance or other Lesson selected by the School.

#### VACANT PLACES.

#### A Few Thoughts Suggested by the Passing Away of a Useful and Faithful Man. A good man has just left us who will

be greatly missed. We are thinking especially of one place from which his familiar form and face have gone, and in which he has been wont to be seen. year after year, for a long time. It is a place in the sanctuary of God. A defeet in hearing made it necessary for him to have his seat as near to the minupon the platform immediately below the pulpit, and in sight of the entire congregation. From this seat he was rarely absent; perhaps never unless absent also from home, or confined at home with illness. Who shall say what a testimony that constant presence, that rapt attention to every word of the preacher, that devout manner from beginning to end of the service, have in in the great assembly, from Sabbath to Sabbath, in which were represented so many ages and conditions of life, so many varieties of human character, so many needs of right religious influence? In the commercial world his name had been for more than a generation the synonym of mercantile honor; through various crisis of bu-iness affairs he had passed, having his full share of ordeal and sometimes of loss; more than one great enterprise, religious, educational, reformatory, had found him ready to serve with counsel, with labor and with generous gifts. In the church his official service was punctual, and as it might seem indispensable. In all these spheres he is missed. But as we think of his now vacant place, it is above all that chair by the pulpit, where we shall never again see Deacon James F. Tyler sitting while his pastor preaches, with inspiration for him in the

Some such place is somewhere made vacant with every day that passes. There are those who note them with peculiar feeling. They are such as know that there will soon be vacant chairs where they themselves are now sitting, and work and testimony ended which engages them more and more as that time draws nearer. Scarcely a week goes by but with painful surprise they learn of another and another of these they have known, perhaps have honored and loved as associates in service, and of whom they had not thought as likely to soon hear this summons away, yet who have joined the company in the Silent Land-silent for us not for them. Each such incident is a reminder, and each leaves the world and life with a new shadow upon such brightness as they still have, while each seems to whisper: "the night cometh;"-thank God, the night, and also the day

intent face and the riveted eve.

But what of these vacant places? No one of them will ever be filled. Each of us has his own place, and when he goes out of it, no one ever will or can come into it. Those who come have their own places; they will never stand in ours. Neither can we hand our work to other hands, with any expectation that what we leave undone they will do. Even though what they should take up should be the same work: it is theirs, not ours. What we have undone is undone forever; every life failure is an absolute failure, so far as this world is concerned. Whether in some way the service of the next life will link on to that of the present life, and so "our works follow us" in the sense of opportunity to in some way redeem the faults and failures of the present, we do not know. That which we do know is that what is to be done by us in these places which we now fill must be done while we are in them. "Work while it is day," said Jesus. What an admonition for those of us who see the even-ing shadows already creeping on! What an admonition for such as, although the day is so far spent, have not even be-gun the work of the day! What a night indeed, must the night be of those by whom the day, has all been misspent

It is a pleasant thought, nevertheless, that though the places we leave vacant are to remain so, and we are, in the strict sense, to have no successors, still those who come after, in their own places, carry on the same work, even though it has ceased to be ours. It is the work, not the worker, that is really important. It is the work the world indispensably needs, not the worker. It is the sanctuary, not the place of this or that one in it, that is the center of saving influence for souls. When we are no longer needed here, there will, perhaps, be need of us elsewhere; and when the hands now busy are still, there will be other hands to keep the wheels running, and fill the air with the hum of Christian industry. God the teanked for the memory of those whose places are vacant. God bless those who are coming forward to take the control of the c

and fill their own places, and whose strong shoulders are still to bear up the burden of the work.—Chicago Stand-

#### GOLDEN SILENCE.

We May, it We Choose, Repress Unkind or Censorious Speech-Whan the Lips Should Not Be Closed.

Silence is golden sometimes. Especially it is golden when you are conscious of irritated nerves, and your temper is in the condition which invites the last feather and rejoices to be broken under its weight. The most amiably disposed people have their days of darkness; their moods when nothing looks bright; their seasons of inconsistency, when they astonish their friends by their success in the art of being disagreeable.

If you and I are sadly aware that we are not in an angelic temper, that we are fretted by petty things, and ready to quarrel with our nearest and dearest. in danger of saving sharp or bitter prompted by to-day's misery which to morrow we shall repent of in sack-cloth and ashes, there is one safe-

guard within our easy reach. Feel as we may, we can repress speech. Our lips are our own. We may lock their gateway, if we choose to whatever is unkind, or censorious, or unworthy of our better selves. body compels us to find fault audibly. Nobody urges us to sco.d or complain. If we avail ourselves of the escape-valve of hasty speech we shall certainly suffer pangs of regret by and by, besides inflicting present pain on children and servants, who can not answer back when we chide; on brothers and husband who are too patient or too proud to be resentful; or, perhaps, on some dear aged heart, which has had its full of sorrow, and does not need our adding a drop to the brimming cup.

Silence is golden when we are tempted to unkind gossip. Somebody's name is mentioned, and at once recalls to the mind an incident, a forgotten story, something which ought to be buried in oblivion's deepest depths. Do not yield for an instant to that suggestion of the evil one which bids you revive ister as possible; so his chair has stood what ought to be kept buried in the grave where it has found retreat. The impu se to speech on such occasions is

unwor hy a Christian. Silence is not golden when an absent one suffers defamation, when it is the badge of cowardice, or when one's Christian belief should be asserted. To sit with closed lips when all that is most precious to heart and life is asby the tongue of the scorner is far f:om noble-it is following the Lord afar off and is next door to denying Him altegether. - Christian Chronicle.

#### Too Much Deliberation.

He who waits and waits until he may do something astonishly noble, all at once, will hardly be likely ever to find that wished-for time. Seldom do the mountains tower abruptly from the even plain. The lesser hills gen-erally lead up to them by gradual ascent. So it is with the training of our lives. We need first to climb the lesser heights of soul-beauty, and then the way to the more sublime is opened up. In fact, there need be no great surprise if the magnificent heroism is never within reach. There is but one Yellowstone Park on the continent, but the e are thousends of grassy glades and dells that charm with their moderate-if you please, more ordinarybeauty day by day. These hundreds of thousands of weary wayfarers may know and be refreshed by them. To the most the National Park must remain a pictured dream. So with our lives. It is not by marvels of illustri-ous excellence and deeds of resplendent, fame-winning virtue that good is to be done. But the quiet, daily kind-ness in business life and the sweet helpfulness in the family circle and the Christ-like temper towards friends by unswerving consistency in humble duties faithfully done, because consecrated screw working for less than a quarter to the Master-thus it is that the beauty of holiness is shown. Do not deliberate too much, therefore, but do with your might what your hands find to do. -Moravian.

## WISE SAYINGS.

-God, who is liberal in all His other gifts, never gives us two moments together.

-He that despairs measures Providence by his own little contracted model. -South.

-The voice of reason is more to be regarded than the bent of any present inclination; since inclination will at length come over to reason, though we can never force reason to comply with inclination. -Addison.

-- Every man goes into the future world with a character on his hands. He will have it there on his hands and must do something with it. He ought to be careful about what he is to take with him inseparably into eternity.-Baptist Weekly

-We are born for a higher destiny than earth; there is a realm where the rain-bow never fades, where the stars will be spread before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where beings that pass before us like shadows will stay in our presence forever.-Bulwer Lytton.

-What is death? To go out like a light, and in a sweet trance to forget ourselves and all the passing phenom-ena of the day, as we forget the phantoms of a fleeting dream, to form, as in a dream, new connections with God's world; to enter into a more exalted sphere, and to make a new step up man's graduated ascent of creation.

Zschokke. -We are told this story of an earnest Christian man in Lowell, the other day. He is a rallroad conductor, and on a certain occasion attended an annual convention of railroad men, three hundred strong, at Augusta, Ga. They were there over Sunday, and the question came up, How should they pass the day? Many decided to make it a day of bolsterous pleasure. Then they asked this man, who was very influential among them, what he was going to do. He answered: "I am going to church." The result was, one hundred and thirtyAERIAL NAVIGATION.

The Experiment of Captain Benard, of the

The renewal of Captain Renard's balloon exgeriments at Meudon, on the Seine, seems to have met with a good degree of success. Of course favorable circumstances were chosen, the wind on one trial blowing only about two miles an hour and on the other perhaps six or eight. Still, to make progress against any wind is a gain in aeronautics. In the recent trials on two successive days the distance undertaken was about five miles, the journey out-ward in one case and homeward in the other being made against the wind. The trip to windward occupied about three-quarters of an hour, or twice as long as the one before the wind. effort, of course, was made to reach a great altitude. Journeying through the air in ships

has always been an aim of mankind. while the analogous desire for wings like a bird's has, from the days of learns to ours, produced bold attempts at flights with artific al pin ons, not seldom resulting in broken legs or necks. Twenty years ago the Aeronautical So-ciety of Great Britain gave much attention to this latter quest. A Mr. Spen-cer at that time claimed to have taken leaps of a hundred feet from the ground by mechanical aids, and a Mr. Kaufmann built a machine which was to be sustained and propelled by buge wings. These curious devices came to nothing, and doubtless had been resorted to because the ordinary balloon seemed hopeless to rely on for navigable air ships. To get adequate power without too heavy weight had been found impossible, and applying a gas balloon to help hold up the machine created a volume which put the apparatus at the mercy of the winds. But after the fal-ure of the devices just spoken of, and after two flights with wings in Paris and Vienna had nearly or quite killed the experimenters and were shown to been mere descents earthward, this temporary effort to solve the problem of aeronautics by going to na-ture" and playing bird was abandoned. Wings were left to theatrical fairies and air ships proper again essayed.

To recount the lives and fortunes expended in this quest, would be a long task. Scores of machines have been built, with great pains and cost, only to fail when they attempted to face an ad-verse wind. The devotees of perpetual motion have not been more persistent than those of aerial navigation. But the old difficulty always returned, that power required weight, and artifices to ght by extra levity made the lightened structure a prey to the winds. At length the storage of electrical power revived hopes of seccess, and last year, a little more than a century after the Montgolfiers had introduced ballooning, a step toward aerial navigation was taken. The Tissandiers used storage batteries, but with little success; then, in August, Captain Charles Renard, of the French engineers, made an ascent at Meudon in a cigar-shaped craft tilled with hydrogen gas and provided with a rudder and a screw propeller. The machine rose to a short distance above the plateau of Chatillon, and, after some rocking, the propeller, driven by electrical power, carried the balloon rapidly over Meudon Forest. Then, the rudder being applied, the air ship turned toward Petit Bicetre, and finally made a complete circle, so that after a voyage of twenty-five minutes it descended exactly at the point whence it had started.

That was the first genuine balloonsteering that had ever been accomplished, and great was the enthusiasm over it. At Kiel, at St. Petersburgh, at Okhta, like devices were undertaken, and in this country a dirigible war bal-loon was announced. Meanwhile M. Herve Mangon informed the French Academy of Sciences that the problem of aerial navigation was solved. Unof an hour. The new trial had been undertaken against a fresh breeze, and that proved fatal. Two months more elapsed, and then Captain Renard, with a brother officer, made a third experi-ment, which resulted, like the first, in successful steering, the journey occu-pying three quarters of an hour. The general judgment of the aeronaut was that a ship capable of being propelled for a short time in calm or light breeze had been produced, but not one that

could breast winds. The recent trials of a new air ship indicate that some gain has been effected. Last year's balloon was said to be of ten horse power, working four hours. This year's seems to be about a fifth less powerful, and with capability of working only half that time. But it is steadier and seems to have gained in lightness, although now carrying three persons instead of two. Perhaps, also, the power of last year's machine was misstated and exaggerated, since in the actual trials it did not operate consecutively for an honr

Within certain lim ts and under certain conditions of very light wind the steerable balloon has apparently advanced enough for purposes of casional experiment or pleasure; but there are great steps yet to take before securing ordinary and practicable travel in the air. -N. Y. Times.

## A SCIENTIFIC TEACHER. How He Rather More Than Filled the Bill.

"Two year ago this fall," said Uncle Josiah Windless, "there come long a young feller with a pale yeller face an' head, an' a slick lookin', but slim, figger, and wanted the position o' school-teacher in our deestrie'. I was et thet time a member o' the School Board. I have sense lost the office, owin' partly to a slight change, politically, in the surroundin' kentry, and partly to the dereliction o' some o' my friends.

Well, this was a nice appear n . polite young feller, an' I soon foun' by throwin' him some questions cal ated to briskly sound his education, ef he hed any, thet he knowed a-plenty to teach in our deestrie', an' p'r'aps some over. I then tole 'im plainly thet although his mental equlibrium, like, was, in my mind, fully established, his physical mold of form har'ly denoted the neces-

"We'd been considerably bothered. I told 'im, by hevin' hed sich siender, un-wholesome chaps, who hed rashly un-dertook to run the school, git worsted in every encounter of importance they'd hed with some o' the more advance scholars. Durin' the last term, on two or three 'casions, the onesidedness o' these contests hed resulted in the entire disruption, sorter, o' the school, an' the

retirin' to the neighborin' woods o' the school-teacher.
"'Nothing," I said, seemed to tend to the disorganization an' gineral disquiet-in' o' the educational system of our community as to hev a teacher take holt o' it thet hed only mediocre attainments in back-heelin', collar-an'-elbow an' plum out-an'-out knockin' down an' fallin' onto. I candidly tole 'im that I's afeered he'd be winded in a few roun's even by some o' the younger an' less ambitious pupils. What could we, the School Board, hev to expect, then, when he's tackled, an' tackled he would be, by one or more o' the head cholars, weighin', after harvest, one hundred and ninety pounds in their bare feet. There was pupils on the roll o' thet little country school, thet with one solid jolt under the hat rim, could show him more stars than all the colleges an' observatories in the hull Western Re-

he'd undertake it anyway ef he could hev the chance, as he was hard up an' wanted money bad to complete his theological studies. I smiled some et the idee o' how them big six-foot students ud help pave his way to the ministery.

"Well, we concluded to give 'im a chance, as he knew somethin' already, an' was quiet an' willin' to learn more. an' we hoped this experience would, on the whole, at least not have a tendency to upset, but strengthen, rather, his purpose in life. The day-school opened: I made it a pint to go roun' to the school-house, long 'bout the middle o' the forenoon, determined rather 'n to take a han' myself. On enterin' the school-room I's surprised to at fast see nobody but the slim young teacher, an' him very dejected an' anxious lookin'. Goin' a ways up the a sle, I seed two o' the ole time ringleaders o' school-house rackets settin' quietly in a corner pale an' streaked an' with heads tied up, but very intent on their lessons.
"'My friend,' said the teacher, 'I'm

a feered your no doubt well intended description o' these pupils, was, un-wisely, very much overdrawn. B'lievin' come yere determined to win er .'t 'd be the fault o' the reforee. An' when these two fellers showed 'et they's spilin' fer a fight, I give it to 'em without a single stipulation, an' the best I hed in the shop, never thinkin' but what they knew somethin' o' Yere ye see the result, sweeping his arms languidly over the empty benches an' towards the two damaged but studious youths in the corner. O' course,' he continued, 'I knocked out the greenies too quick for common exercise, an' so doin' innocently got in on 'em so hard that they 'll be no good to study, though now ever so keen, fer two weeks. The rest the close o' the fust an' only roun'.

"Sinkin' back into a dispirited leap he wound up with: 'I'm feered I've busted the school up.'
"An would ye believe it? We couldn't no more git a single scholar to go to school agin to thet feller than nothin'! So we finally hed to fire 'im with two hull months' uncarned pay in his pockets."—Sam, the Scaramouch.

## CANNES.

Nice's Powerful Rival in the Favor or

Cannes, a favorite resort of the Enwestward. It lies on a beautiful bay, tain iron, it would, in all probability, up close behind it, and the loveliest of climates, Where falls not hall, nor rain, nor any snow, Nor ever wind blows loudly.

The villas of English winter residents

are conspicuous along the hillside, ap-

pearing more tasteful and imposing

than those of Nice as one is whirled along past them on the railroad that

skirts the shore just below. There are handsome hotels and drives along the seashore, whence the Isle of Sainte Marguerite is distinctly visible across one side of the peaceful bay. It was in the prison on this island that the Man with the Iron Mask was confined, and here are still detained some Algerians connected with the more recent rebellions in Algeria. It was Lord Brougham who made Cannes famous. He was on his way to Italy when stopped by the quarantine at the border, which was then but a few miles beyond, and during his enforced stay he discovered the virtues of its climate

and made them known to his countrymen. He built a villa, which is still shown to the curious, and after having lived here tranquilly for many years h finally died here at an exceedingly ripe old age. In recognition of his financial value to the place, and also, I have no doubt, out of sincere gratitude and respect for his memory, the Canness, aided by English residents, have lately erected a handsome statue in his honor, which has artistic merit and is a shin ing ornament of the public place where it stands. The Cannese have not yet had time to become sophisticated in the Nicois manner, and, therefore, their ways are less sordid and repellent, though their time may come. The town has its Roman and mediaval an

row and crooked to please the antiqua rian, while its peasantry are so simple and uninteresting that they could not fail to please the artist or the amateur admirer of the picturesque. The re-maining rivals of Nice on the west are Hyeres and Grasse, while to the east ward lie Mentone, San Remo and Monte Carlo, the last, on account of the proximity of the Alpa, having really the most comfortable and salubrious climate of all the towns along the French littoral or the Italian Liviera. Cor. San Francisco Chronick.

-A grammatical paradox-Even the sary amount of muscle er wind fer the greatest man may come across a grater.

—Boston Budget.

tiquities, its streets are suche ently nar-

POTATO SCAB.

The Causes Accountable for the Blemishet Appearance of the Tubers.

A good deal of discussion has been

elicited by this subject and various

theories have been presented to account

for the blemished appearance of the tubers. I have expressed my belief that the potatoe was gnawed by worms. I had been so informed by many potato growers, and a casual glance at the tabers seemed to support their views. But I began to doubt this theory, and on close inspection I arrived at the conclusion that it was not correct. I subjected a section of the potato to a high magnifying power, and found that the liquid portion was swarming with living organisms. A section of a perfect-ly smooth skinned potato, taken as a test, showed none of these. The scabb potato was then d seased. It was af-flicted with microbes, e ther as a cause or effect, a point not yet determined. Of the appearance presented by the tuber thus diseased I presume all are familiar. The surface is more or less deeply indeated with broken pits, and sometimes the surface is entirely covered. If we take growing tubers we can with a little search find all stages "He looked a leedle excited an' more of development, and thus be able to earnest, like, at this, but said right off trace the disease from the beginning of its cause. At first a minute discolora tion is seen beneath the cuticle which rapidly extends, by the disorganization of the substance of the root. cle at length cracks, draws apart, and a pit is found surrounded by eroded walls, and partially filled with the products of the decayed part. If the discase extended to the whole tuber it would be called the rot, and the diffe ence between the two diseases is of intensity rather than of kind. It will be found that the tuber affected by the seab will have discolored spots in its interior which are really points of decay and swarm with microbes. I began the inhev the clever young feller hurt I'd vestigation with the substance of the root immediately in contact with the diseased surface, which I found teeming with minute organisms. I then examined the juice taken from an apparently healthy port on and found the same microbes though less in number. I then examined the juice of the v ne from the same hill and discovered that it was scarcely less teeming with microbes than his roots. With a magnifying power of sixty thou-and the fluid was tremulous with the incessant vibrations of those forms of life. As in all implicity, every word ye uttered, I forms of disease the vitality of the po-come yere determined to win tato plant is first injured by applied manures or climatic conditions applications of green manures is almost certain to injure if not ruin the crop. It has been found that salt is a preventive, and well rewards the grower for his labor in its application. Clover sod usually produc s perfect tubers, but not always. The commercial fertilizers are not protective. In general terms it may be stated that the soil, fertilizers and culture which give the most vigorous health and growth, are to be relied on to give, not only the largest yield but also the mo t perfect tubers. The po-tato plant like all other forms of life, is environed by countless swarms of microbes, ready the moment its vitality weakens to take advantage and multi p'y in its juices. Hence only by preserving vitality at its most vigo point can diseased action be avoided. Cor. Western Eural.

## Trees and Electricity.

Mr. Percy Smith writes to the London Times that "the most probable cause of the liability of certain trees to be struck by lightning is that they are bad conductors of electricity. suggestion that oak trees are struck because they contain iron is both glish, is an hour's ride from Nice to the erroneous and absurd. If oak did conlike those which are so numerous along this portion of the coast of the Meditterranean, with a charming prospect to terranean, with a charming prospect to wood would turn black on exposure to seaward, pine-covered slopes pressing air, on account of the tannin which is present. This blackening may be seen surr unding the iron nails in any oak fence. The contour of the ground, nature of the soil and the presence or absence of water have more induence in deciding the locality of an electric discharge than the height of a tree. Add to this the difference in conductibility between various woods and we have at once an explanation of the apparent peculiarity of tall trees escap-ing unlarmed while shorter trees are destroyed."

## Blanching Celery with Charcoal.

Some of our farmers are blanching celery with charcoal, believing it to be better than earth, sand, bark or leaves. A. W. Harrison, of the Penn-ylvania Horticultural Association, says of this mode: "Charcoal drains perfectly: no insect or slug will harbor in it; it retains solar warmth without overheating, absorbs enriching gases, does not rust the stalks, is easily washed off and may be used many times over. The celery being planted on level ground, wide boards are set on edge and held by upright stakes so as to form a box around the plants, and the whole space in the box and around the plants filled in with coarsely pulverized charcoal. Cinders from the smoke-stacks of woodburning locomotives are just the thing The boards will keep longer if contewith gas tar or soaked with crude petroleum. If not high enough to reac the tops of the plants additional ones

-A scientific writer says that to discover how an insect breathes, "take say, a wasp or hornet." He may mean well, but we shall not take either a wasp or a hornet. The person who takes either a wasp or hornet to see how an insect breathes is pretty apt to do some very rapid and vigoron brenthing himself before he proceed far with the investigation. Better take in insect that doesn't violate the law against carrying concealed weapons.

-Lemons may be kept fresh for : ong time by putting them in col-water and placing them in a cool place the water should be changed every tw-wr three days.—Indiana State Journal. W. E. EDWARDS, M. D.,

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